

"COMING OVER TO HELP YOU."

154°

H. H. Underwood.

Those who have crossed the straits from Shimonoseki to Fusan have doubtless noticed the large number of passengers who come over on each trip. They come to secure Government positions, for business opportunities, to work in mines or factories, or to pass on through Chosen to Manchukuo or even further. But there are not many whose coming is preceded by a message like that which I have taken for the title of this sketch. Chosen has had many good and capable Japanese Government administrators; many honorable Japanese business men; many good school-teachers; and many fine Japanese pastors working among the Japanese population in Chosen, but there have been all-too-few who have left their homeland to come to the colder climate and strange scenes of Chosen with a consecrated purpose of helping the people of Chosen.

Our need for the right type of Japanese Christian on our College staff was great. Twice I crossed to Japan to seek such a man for the Chosen Christian College and twice I returned empty handed. The whole question was made a subject of earnest prayer and then one day, Dr. T. Matsumoto of Aoyama Gakuin in Tokyo who was making a brief visit to Chosen came out to see the College. To him, I opened my heart as to our needs and the splendid opportunity which existed here for both Christian and national service, for Japanese who would come not for salary, not for position, but to serve the people in this portion of the Empire. As I spoke, I saw that Dr. Matsumoto was both interested and moved. He left, but that afternoon called me on the telephone asking that I meet him again and tell him more of the situation. With no more encouragement than this, I put the question directly before him when I called, "Will you come?" To my great delight, I found that he was ready to give it earnest and prayerful consideration. There were many difficulties in the way, most of the difficulties involving sacrifice on his part, for he would have to leave his home; leave the institution that he loved and where he was loved, accept a smaller salary; come to live among strange people in a cold climate and face the opposition of many of his friends. Naturally, his decision was not made at once, but after prayer and consultation in the end, he decided to come. I made still another trip to Japan to secure the consent of Dr. Abe, then President of Aoyama Gakuin. Dr. Abe told me frankly that they would not think of letting Dr. Matsumoto go to any other school or work in Japan Proper, but that Aoyama was willing to make a sacrifice for the benefit of the College in Chosen. The Bishop of the Methodist Church showed a similarly fine spirit. Mrs. Matsumoto, who is none too strong, gladly consented to make her own personal sacrifice and run the risk of living in a more difficult climate.

The upshot of it all is that on April 4th, Dr. and Mrs. Matsumoto and their daughter will arrive in Seoul to take up his work at the Chosen Christian College where he will be Director of the Religious Work Department, as well as carry a schedule of teaching. Miss Matsumoto will probably enter the Music Department at the Ewha College for women, living with her parents in one of the faculty residences on the Chosen Christian College campus.

Dr. Matsumoto graduated from the middle school and college departments of the Chinzai Gakuin in Nagasaki and from the Theological

Department of the Kwansei Gakuin in Kobe in 1912. He then went to the United States to Ohio Wesleyan where he lived in the home of Bishop Herbert Welch whom he regards as a second father. Graduating from Ohio Wesleyan in 1914, he went to Drew Theological Seminary from which he graduated with honors in 1917. From there he went to the Graduate School in the University of Pennsylvania for his M.A. degree; following this with a year at the University of Chicago Theological School as a Fellow in New Testament studies. Still later, he spent the year 1924-1925 at the Union Theological Seminary specializing in New Testament Literature and Interpretation.

He has been in the Theological Seminary of Aoyama Gakuin as Professor of New Testament Literature and Interpretation since 1919 and in addition to this, he has filled a number of important positions involving an immense amount of work. He has taught for many years in the Women's Christian College in Tokyo and has been the head of the Religious Work in that institution. He has been a teacher at Tsuda College in Tokyo and has taught in the Girls' High School Department at Aoyama Gakuin and Toyo Eiwa Girls' School at Tokyo. In addition to all this, he is a member of the Board of Education of the Japanese Methodist Church; member of the Publication Committee on the Library of Christian Thought and Life; charter member of the Japan Christian Writers' Association; a member of the Editorial Staff of "The Christian Message" and a member of the Research Group of the International Missionary Council. He is the distinguished author of a number of much appreciated religious works, especially on the New Testament, as well as translator of several other works and a valued contributor to a number of religious magazines. Missionaries and Japanese alike in Tokyo have alternated between congratulating me on our good fortune and blaming me for taking such a man away from Tokyo.

The brief record given above would be enough to recommend Dr. Matsumoto highly to anyone, but in my mind more than his degree, more than the scholarship shown in his published works, and more than his ability as a teacher, shown in twenty years of successful work, more than all these is the very splendid spirit of self-sacrificing service which he has shown. The situation to which he comes is a difficult one involving work in a new situation and demanding co-operation and harmony with both Koreans and occidentals, but despite these difficulties I feel sure that not only his ability but his earnest Christian spirit will bring him a success which will mean much to the College and to Chosen.



Dear Friends,

Christmas, 1978

Thanksgiving Day has passed and before you get this it will be Christmas, New Year, maybe even Easter! and we would like to share with you the spirit of these great festivals: our thanks to God for His goodness, our joy in new-born opportunities, our satisfaction in the annual round of our work, and our renewed certainty in the purpose of our lives in Him.

It was a delight for Horace to meet new friends and new family--Dorothy's mother, three brothers and a sister, not to speak of cousins and aunts--and to get to know something of Australia, its people and the new Uniting Church. We drove over 5,000 miles in two months but saw only a tiny portion of that lovely country. Since school-opening on March 1, Dorothy has carried a very heavy load as Head of the Sacred Music Department of Ewha University, teaching 25 hours the first semester and 28 the second, plus individual lessons and (her special joy) directing the Yongnak Church highschool students in the musical The Paul Story. The enthusiasm and response of the kids well repaid the long and awkward hours. In January she gave two recitals in Australia to raise funds for the Ewha Music College pipe organ, and in September another in Seoul, all well received. More exhausting is counselling students, many of who are torn by conflicting claims of social involvement, study and family, of human concern and national security. Horace's problems are more often on the policy level but with essentially the same conflict of values, the same questions of how best to witness, where to stand (and perhaps fall) and where to concede. His main work continues at Yonsei as Assistant to the President (read, Jack-of-all-trades). The university has had a good year with a quiet campus, greatly strengthened faculty and, on the material side, the construction of our huge new Library, generously helped by the American A.I.D. program. Horace is also the legal representative of the Mission before the government, which brings its own headaches, while membership on four Christian hospital Boards (Yonsei, Chonju, Taegu, Pusan) makes him a medical specialist of some sort. Our involvement in Saemunan Church, where Horace is on the Session, has deepened with Dorothy's appointment as a Deacon. We both deeply appreciate these opportunities to share meaningfully in the church, its institutions and the lives of people.

In the immediate family the only change is that Bill now has a job, as a geological programmer for Getty Oil in Tulsa, Okla. He and Esther like their community, have bought a home, and both sing in the choir of their church. Horace, Nancy and the grandchildren, and Peter and Gail are still nearby, to our joy, and busy in a multitude of ways.

We will be briefly in America this winter, based at 90 LaSalle St. 17-E, New York, N.Y. 10027, Tel. (212) 864-1612, but mostly travelling. We do hope to see many of you and take personally the Christmas and New Year Greetings that this brings to you. May it be for you as it is for us a season of love and renewal.

Dorothy & Horace

Dorothy and Horace Underwood

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Hye Won 9.17.5

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Mrs. Underwood Dies in New York

Mrs. Joan Underwood, wife of Dr. Horace G. Underwood of Yonsei University, died on Monday in New York City of complications following surgery, the family's friends here said yesterday. She was 60.

Mrs. Underwood served many years on the faculties of Yonsei University and Seoul Foreign School. She was born in Korea in

1915. Her father was a customs official for the royal Korean government of the last reigning King Sunjong. She married Dr. Underwood in 1944 and had three children.

Funeral and memorial arrangements have not yet been made.

Korea Times Feb. 4, '76



J. Underwood Dies in N.Y.

Mrs. Joan (nee Davidson) Underwood, wife of Prof. Horace G. Underwood of Yonsei University, died Monday in a New York hospital of complications following surgery, friends of the Underwood family in Seoul said yesterday.

Mrs. Underwood was born in Korea in 1915, and had served many years on the faculty at Yonsei University and Seoul Foreign School. She is survived by her husband and three children.

Funeral and memorial arrangements for the late missionary and educator have not yet been made. Dr. Underwood is now in New York.

Mrs. Underwood went to the States in December of last year, to be reunited with her children during her winter vacation. She fell suddenly ill there. The basic cause for the surgery is known to have been a ruptured esophagus.

The grandfather of her husband established Yonsei University. Her father was a customs official in the royal government of the last reigning king of the Yi Dynasty early in this century.

"Korea Herald" Feb. 4, 1976

Sent: Saturday, October 16, 2004 6:02 PM
Subject: Trip to China, part I

Hi,

We are back in Seoul for a couple of days to recuperate and get ready for the next trip. China was fun but a variety of health problems dulled the edges of some days. The day before we left HH was told he had boils on his head and given 5 days of medicine; they weren't boils so the medicine didn't work. We tried all the ointments we had but nothing did much. Now, the dr. says it is a distant cousin of shingles and he is taking 4 pills every 4 hours and hoping to feel better by mon. My fall down the stairs left my feet not always happy about walking and china got revenge one day but thanks to great korean medicine we travelled all day anyway. So it was fun most of the time. As you will see.

We left on Fri. via Asiana air and for some unknown reason got bumped to business. It was nice after all the rush and hassle of the weeks before. We just relaxed; one of the cabin attendants recognized hh and had to chat a bit with a Yonsei "hero," but otherwise, we just ate and rested--good food which served as lunch.

Got to Beijing just before noon and took a taxi into our hotel--3 star which turned out to be our level: clean room with fridge and tv but nothing elegant to pay for. We were down an alley by the train station but most of the taxies refused to take us because they didn't know where the hotel was; that was the only frustrating part about being there. Then dad found the subway and we used that whenever we could and it was easy.

We rested for awhile in our nice room and then checked out the Friendship Store; it used to be the only place to shop in China and it still has a huge variety of stuff but it also has very high prices. We found two things we wanted as gifts, agreed to buy them since they were not too heavy and we might not see them again, and then walked out without them!

From there we walked to a famous peking duck restaurant. It was 7 pm by then and the receptionist said it would be a 40 minute wait. HH tried to get her to say if she really meant 40 minutes or could it be more or less but that was beyond her english--a lesson there we didn't learn about being in china. We put our names down and went out and down a famous shopping alley across the street; fun!!! HH is great at bargaining and the 380 items came down to 150 and I had a new Chinese-style jacket. We walked the whole street; some shops were closed, but we found enough to fill our "grandma" (used to be hers) bag.

Back to the restaurant and just a few minutes' wait and we were at our

table. We chose 1/2 duck and then waited. The chef came out and cut the duck just this and that way. First, we had the skin as the appetizer. Then the duck with thin little pancakes and plum sauce and green onions. Yummy. We also had duck soup but it wasn't anything to write home about so no more on that.

We left to walk home and ended up walking down the hutongs--little alleys of traditional housing. It was very dark but safe and full of little shops, especially beauty shops; we passed 9 in what would have been a block if there had been blocks. The old houses are really interesting to peek into--yards with flower pots everywhere but dilapidated walls and no grass and general dingyness everywhere else. Lovely big baskets used for garbage!

Sat. was the reason for going to china--the thieves market, called by people now the dirt market. We even got up early to go! We took a taxi, cheap in china, and agreed to meet at 10. By then I had explored all of one end but the prices were so high and I am not good at bargaining in china that I bought nothing but made a written list--did that ever shock dad-- about where I wanted to go back. We had one goal which wasn't there any more which was very disappointing. After a long bathroom break--very long lines in the women's but I have been in korea for a long time and I know how to hold my place in a line once I get it so I got my turn. The place was flooded with the cleaning lady's water--better than other possibilities, but still wet on the pantlegs.

It was Chinese style with ceramic floor squatter with places for your feet--interesting how asia is all squat but different styles of squat.

Back to really shop. HH cut prices by 2/3 sometimes and 1/2 others. If we could walk away we knew it was the bottom price, but if we started walking and they started following, we just waited to see how far down they would go. Sometimes an over 100 item would go down to 10 which is only about \$1.20! I bought lots of little stuff and some gifts--no clothes there, just things. I found yet another piece of the pottery for the bathroom. I keep thinking I must have every shape made but every time we get to a country with chinese in it, I find another little one. I am thankful they are little!

We saw a shop with crystal balls which David collects but didn't know the current size need so when we went back to the hotel we sent an email to him and to all the other kids to call him and have him email us. Emailing turned out to be interesting in the hotel--12 cents a minute.

Lunch was one of those experiences. We had to buy a ticket and then point to food but we couldn't tell the prices because nothing was in english; that was interesting since it is a big tourist attraction. HH got to the cash register and said noodles; I said vegetables since we saw both in the counter and hoped she would have that much english. We paid and I found a table, luckily, and HH brought over two bowls of noodles covered with sliced cucumber! Yuk. First really non-edible chinese food we have had.

He went back and managed to get the food without paying and take it to the cash register and pay. No idea what we ate but it was very good. It had rice, some bits of meat and beansprouts. We got a bottle of water outside afterwards so we were happy.

Back to the rest of the shops--all open but under a wide sort of covering roof. It was very crowded by then and movement was very slow down any aisle.

Finished, we returned to the hotel for a rest; sign of age, we like a mid-day rest on our vacation days now.

Then back to the friendship store to get those forgotten items. They weren't too big in size but they proved to be heavy and got heavier as the evening went on--and on--and on.

We went to Silk Alley which was very much like old Itaewon--lots of export clothing, real or not brands, who knew. But it was not our kind of place to shop--in fact, it was dreadful. The people kept grabbing our arms and yelling at us to buy; it was impossible to walk because we were always being held back. Everyone yelled to see their stuff, "my friend," "low prices," "see my ___." Ugh. Not fun. We did do some shopping but it wasn't fun. The shopkeeper would name a huge price, then come down and then say, "shhhhhh," and cover her calculator so no one else could see the really low price she was giving us. Ha. But HH did his bargaining and we walked away and managed to get some good buys. I got a short sleeved chinese-style blouse and a silk? jacket--Chinese-style. In case you have missed it, I am very much into Chinese-style clothes--love those little frogs on the front.

We also got fleece jackets at last; now we can see if they live up to our expectations. HH's is "Timberland" and my is no- name. We bought by color and price, not brand except I refuse to buy tommy hilfiger--ugly trademarks aren't my idea of fashion.

Outside the main alley of stores the shopping was much more peaceful so we spent time there, strolling and enjoying the people and doing a bit more shopping. At 6 a whistle blew and cops came through and began forcing the shops to close. One woman tried to sell to us out of her bag she hadn't put into her mostly closed shop! Interesting that they force that one street to close when others stores and markets are open late and this was an area obviously making lots of money; it was full of people and not all of them bargaining.

HH read about a place with hawker food, so we decided to go there for dinner. We really like it. We missed it the first time since a boy told us go straight ahead and it was behind us, but we found it eventually. But it was only stand up and eat by a cart food, not hawker food with tables. Not what we had in mind. We wandered a bit and found a restaurant with an english menu and relatively clean and well-lit. We had fried peanuts for our appetizer; in some parts of China they are served in a little bowl before the meal for free but these were a big bowl for 10. We had great

food--peppers and beef, fried lettuce, and rice. The tea was poured at a distance from the table from a long-snouted teapot. When she pointed at dad's cup in front of him, it made us nervous since she was a good 6 feet away! But she made it into the cup. Stuffed at the end. And exhausted from all the walking so back to the hotel. Checked the email but nothing yet.

Sunday was sightseeing day; we went back to the Forbidden City, now called the Palace Museum. We rented the Roger Moore audio tapes again and thoroughly enjoyed it--again. It is huge and has so much to see that we didn't feel we were repeating ourselves. We took one of the side trips off to see the jewelry collection--diamonds, emeralds, dishes inlaid with all kinds of stones and no security. Wondered a bit and then realized it was probably copies and not real stones since the whole city is mostly rebuilt since it was destroyed again and again, but every time rebuilt in exactly the same way. Which is why it kept burning--it was all wood. Now it is all copies.

One stunning piece was a 10 foot high piece of jade carved into a mountain with little figures climbing over it, pulling a tree to be planted, digging for something, pulling carts, carrying stuff and little devils on the very top. The details were exquisite. Could have used a dusting but then, the whole city/country could.

We followed stone paths--patterns made from lots and lots of different colored small stones all around a small park area. We investigated everything that interested us. There is even a tiny starbucks, two tables, in one corner of one old building. HH got coffee and I had a dessert which we shared because it was big. But no starbucks dessert is ever really great and this wasn't either. Just looked it, but it did fill us up.

It was late when we finished--3 and time for lunch. HH gave the taxi driver a card and we ended up at the duck restaurant! It was in Chinese and he thought it was the hotel card! We thought why not have one more duck dinner but it was closed and we couldn't find another restaurant in the area. Another taxi and back to the hotel. Fortunately, as we drove into the driveway I noticed a shop with steamed dumplings outside and we walked over and bought a bag and took them back to the room. We have no idea what was in them but they were very tasty and with the various snacks we had in the room (the leftover peanuts from the night before--I saw other people taking leftovers so mimed I wanted the peanuts and she bagged them for us) we were fine.

After our rest, we headed for another shopping area. We took the subway; it left from the train station near the hotel. Outside the station were a number of homeless people but no begging; instead, there were people screaming something we couldn't understand but thought might be names of places they wanted to go or were going to arrange rides. Noisy. Inside the subway, there was one ticket seller--in a big city. She gave HH two pieces of very thin paper; two women sat by the top of an escalator taking tickets. One tore them in half and the other gestured to us to go down. No machines, no high tech. But lots of signs in english and we got to our destination

more easily than taking a taxi and a lot cheaper.

Everything in China is gargantuan: the buildings are great big old russian-style monsters; the roads 8 lanes wide and more. The whole area is flat and made us feel like tiny dolls in a huge set. Wondered if it might be part of the govt. effort to keep people feeling small, too small to face the govt that built these huge roads and buildings. We wandered around a bit but found no restaurants. It was lots and lots of big, very expensive stores--versace, armani, etc. Not for us. Finally, we found a dept. store and went looking for a replacement for the recharger for the camera we had left in seoul. No luck but we did find the food court.


Another adventure. We found the food we wanted and pointed; they pointed--had to buy tickets first. HH held out 20 to the cashier who got frustrated until finally, the woman behind dad said in perfect english, "the minimum is 30." He gave the cashier 30 and got the tickets. We had mimed to the cook we wanted the dish on the counter. Ok. When we went back of course it was gone to the person who had bought it but we thought she would know we wanted it so we added one more to it. We got the latter but not the former and nothing we could mime got through we wanted a second dish like the one sold. Gave up and went to eat.

HH found a mango juice and we were ready to eat whatever we had. Turned out to be ground beef and corn and spices on top of rice on top of a fried egg on a hot platter. It was huge! It filled both of us to stuffed and we were glad we hadn't gotten the second dish. We wondered what would happen if he took the card back since we didn't think we had used the 30; he thought we would get chits, useless to us. He gave it to the cashier who gave us 6 back in cash--ready to spend again.

We did a bit more walking and returned to the hotel--one more email try, no luck.

More coming--hope there is a cliff hanger in there somewhere.

Nancy



Sent: Saturday, October 16, 2004 6:09 PM
Subject: China, part II

net.att.net>

Hi,

Monday, we were off to Xian. We got to the airport early because traffic can be terrible even on the big roads; we saw them blocked going the opposite direction. We checked email again--this time there was a 10 minute minimum for \$2. No email but dad checked his til our 10 minutes were up. We had brought diet pepsi to take to xian since we thought the country city might not have it and we like one at night--don't like the calories of other drinks.

It was in HH's carry-on and the scanner pulled it; open it! No way; it won't be any good. Off to the customs desk; open it. No way; it won't be any good. Back and forth til they said he had to take it through customs and to the check-in desk to put it in the suitcase; at that point it made no sense. If it could go there, why not with us? He went back but the suitcase, of course, was long gone, and they wanted 20 for a box to send it in. Not worth it. He popped one but then they wanted the rest popped. He just took them and threw them in the trash.

But that's not the end of the story. As we were walking about the waiting area, we found a machine with diet pepsi in it--the first we had seen in china. We bought 3 and took them with us. And enjoyed one each night in Xian.

In xian, the taxi ride was expensive so we opted for the bus. Forget to ask when the bus left though--we sat for 30 minutes but it gave us time to watch the people. Some got on and stayed and others got on and then got off again--couldn't figure out why. We tried to ask when the bus would leave and the driver indicated 5 with his hands--5 minutes or at 5? (That was two hours later!) We just sat.

The trip in took an hour and it was fascinating; we passed the old brick row houses but no one seemed to be living in them. Now people seemed to be in concrete two story houses, like the ones koreans moved to after the traditional house. Not pretty and not comfortable looking. But the long row brick houses with one door and one window weren't anything much either.

Xian was the old capital of china for four dynasties; it now has a population of 8 million, not really a country city in most countries' terms. Again, it had the huge old buildings--a block long and several stories high but very flat fronted with nothing pretty about them. Roads were wide too but more bicycles here.

We were let off at one hotel and then pulled our suitcases to our hotel around the corner and down the block; we can fasten our carry-on pull bags to the suitcases and they ride quite well.

The hotel was right next to a Korean beauty shop with hangul on the windows--felt right at home. This was another 3 star (\$32) and the room was fine, especially after we discovered we could open the window; the plastic-covered glass makes a room very dreary. The elevator was interesting--1-7 and B and B-. The only disadvantage is that the staff spoke no english and I mean no english. When I asked for our messages, only a blank stare. I tried several other words and then fax; that got me someone else's fax. Nothing from david. No computer in this hotel; the room labelled business office was just for their business. We found an internet room down the street, around the corner and up some stairs; HH found it by seeing the @ mark on the wall downstairs! The room was full of smoke and computers; everyone I could see was playing some sort of game. This had a minimum too--it cost us 12 cents the first night -- no message.

We tried to arrange a tour with the hotel desk but they had one piece of paper with a taxi tour--finally we realized it was just a taxi, no guide, for a high price. Not interested; no, we said. At 10:30 that night someone called to ask if "take taxi, tomorrow?" No, says I. "Take another taxi?" No, we are taking a bus. I hoped she understood bus.

We went to two different hotels with tourists desks, 5 star, and compared prices and trips and opted for the mid-price one. Why? It left at 9 and the other at 7:30! By the end of our tour we were very glad we had taken that one; the length was more than enough. The thought of 4 more stops was beyond imagination and another hour was even farther out of thought.

Time for dinner but no English menu in one and one with an English menu didn't have any of the dishes listed that we wanted. We wandered here and there, looking for the camera piece and a restaurant. Finally, very tired of it all, we decided to buy a cheap (couldn't find disposable) camera (\$12) with four rolls of film; of course, we then had to buy batteries, but they were only 25 cents.

We went back to the hotel for dinner since their room service menu was very inexpensive and interesting. I wanted corn soup and I got corn soup--a 2 quart casserole dish of it! HH chose to play panda and ordered pork and bamboo; he thought bamboo shoots but it was bamboo. At the end they brought slices of melon and little tomatoes. I ate one before I realized that it was not peeled and I was in China. Opps. Too late.

We had to get water so we went to a little shop across from the hotel and got water and bottle of Great Wall wine. In the room, HH tried to open the bottle. He couldn't get the cork out so we both pulled, we tugged, we yanked; nothing doing. He finally had to cut it out and then one whiff said he wasn't drinking that! We win a few and we lose a few; that was a loser.

By Tuesday morning I had lived to regret either the soup or the tomato;

China was having its revenge and this was our one tour day. Should we postpone? Hate to do that. Hate to think of travelling too. Back and forth and back and forth trying to decide. I took three of the pills that stop the world and hoped for the best and we left for the tour.

We had asked the tour agent if we could get the front seats and by arriving early--and making several checks of that hotel's restroom--we got them with no problem. The guide assumed I got carsick and we left it at that. There were only 14 on the tour and the guide spoke english very well (college major was english). But we were moving and so was my stomach. The distance to the first stop was very nervous-making and I did not climb the pagoda with HH; first time we haven't done all the adventures together. But I didn't think I could make his and he certainly didn't want to join mine! By the end of our stay there, the pills kicked in and I was fine for the rest of the day.

The first stop was the Big Goose Pagodo, named for one in India. We had wondered how it got its name since pagodas don't look like geese and there were no geese there. Seems the monks at the indian temple prayed for meat and a goose flew over and dropped dead in front of them; they never ate meat again but named the pagoda for the goose. It was tall and leaning a bit to the left; that was the reason for the fee the guide said. At less than 20 cents it wasn't much deterrent to foreigners. (The days of separate prices for foreigners is gone in china.) It was a good climb for HH and he enjoyed it. I enjoyed the park around it. We bought some "bland" crackers for me but they turned out to be a flavored rice cracker, very tasty but not what we expected.

The second stop was a shop which made warriors in the same way as the early ones and it showed how they were made. Men and women were sitting and doing it as we watched. Lots of fine handwork. The shop also had enamel work and furniture (up to thousands of dollars), and pictures, jewelry, and hand woven rugs (women were making them) with prices at \$10,000. We got a small officer to remind us of our visit but skipped the rugs! It was interesting to see though.

The third stop was a beautiful garden with hot springs; the emperor and his concubine went there every winter. We saw their individual buildings with hot tubs--his being much bigger, of course, and the one for the crown prince, really small. We paid a bit and got to wash our hands in the fountain of hot spring water--very refreshing. We have a picture one of the tour group took to prove it too. The Chinese do a lot with flowers and bushes and trees. Both cities had thousands of potted plants everywhere in various designs and colors; they just put the plant with its gardenshop thin plastic pots in rows or circles and only the frontmost ones have real pots. Makes it easy to change but still beautiful to look at. This garden had vases and pots of flowers and bushes everywhere. We could see why the city-dwelling emperor would come there for the winter.

The guide told a story of Chiang Kai Shek running off in his pjs and slippers to hide behind a rock nearby--interesting that she would mention

him but as HH pointed out, he looked a fool in her story and was captured.

From there to lunch--a round table set with some dishes and then more dishes buffet-style in the center of the room. I ate carefully but ate well. A chef made noodles while we watched; he pulled the dough like taffy and then flipped it in two (like the honey candy seller most of you have seen in Insa-dong) and pulled again. It was quite a feat. Then the noodles were cooked a luscious broth; the soup was the best part of the meal. The deep fried candy apples were second--reminded us of our chinese restaurant here in seoul. The restaurant had a huge store but no push to stay and sell us stuff.

At lunch we got to talk with some of the others--one couple from Australia, two from England at our table.

One couple had an early plane to catch and it was a national holiday, like Korea's Chusok but no day off for people, so the guide had dinner with her family to get home to so that could be a reason, but we never spent time just looking at stuff to buy and or being pushed to buy except in a govt. run store--perhaps that's the answer too. Or part of the combination. We didn't want anything; those are always more expensive anyway but it is unusual to take a trip and not be led to a lot of stores where we think there is a kickback system.

Then to the terra cotta warriors--our second reason for going to China. We had always wanted to see them and this seemed the best opportunity. We parked 1.5 km. from the gate and took a little shuttle in--we could have walked but as a group we were saving time.

The warriors are all inside huge buildings. The first ones were covered with a huge cover full of skylights and they discovered that the light caused the warriors' paint to lose its color so the second two pits have darker roofs and are a bit dark inside.

It is like being in an airplane hangar with big beams and pipes all around. The warriors are in the center with floor all around so they can be seen from all sides. Each guide picks a space and explains in his/her language what is seen. In front of us to the left when we entered was the well which some farmers had been digging when they found the first bits of the warriors. Directly in front were 10-12 rows of 4-5 soldiers, more than life-size, standing facing us. An outer row on each side was facing the wall to protect against invasion from the side. The emperor had had all of these made to protect his life in the next world which he felt would be underground, so he ordered the whole army made to protect him after his death. There were soldiers, archers (standing and kneeling), officers and generals--identifiable by their headpieces. There were 8000 in this building! All made from terra cotta and still there after 2200 years! The color may have disappeared but they are amazing to see. Each man has a different face; they think the makers modelled them on themselves and people they knew. On one in the museum who had his foot turned up as he knelt, the stitches in his shoes were visible--in pottery. There were also fat horses

with their tails tied up if they pulled a chariot (not there because they were wood and burned during the farmers' revolution) or down if they were cavalry horses.

In the second pit were fewer soldiers and more horses. Here, only a few were uncovered; the rest had been re-covered or not dug up in order to wait for better technology to see if the paint could be saved. We think they might have run out of money too. At the far end was a flat area where they had taken pieces from one section to put together but stopped work on. Heads, arms, legs, bodies are all over, but marked as to location they came from, waiting. Others are standing, mostly put together. The warriors that are in the first building are all complete and whole because they filled in the missing parts and smoothed them over with more clay so they look untouched. The amount of work involved is unbelievable. There was a desk for working at and pieces of equipment here and there and some of them had white patches where they had been repaired but not re-clayed.

The third pit had only a few standing because they could tell by then how they would be arranged and how many would be there so they didn't want to uncover them yet. Instead, they left one corner just as they found it: a torso next to a head and some legs and arms but which head to which of the overlapping torsos? Could get an idea of the scope of the job--the world's biggest jigsaw puzzle. It boggled the mind to think of it.

Also boggled the mind to think that for 2200 years they had been there and in recent times no one knew. The farmers looking for water found heads instead. One of them is still alive and signs books in the bookstore, but no pictures because too many over time flashes had hurt his eyes. He was a grizzled old man but he was signing like mad when we saw him. A 360 video (stand in the middle and the picture surrounds you) showed the story of how the emperor ordered them and how they were made and then buried so only local people knew where the tomb would be (two pits they found were empty because the emperor died young and sooner than he expected) and then the destruction of the tomb by the farmers' revolution. The emperor was really cruel and unjust so they stormed it and set fire to the wood beams holding up the dirt over the warriors, breaking those the farmers had not already broken with their tools. Finally, it showed the discovery of the warriors by the farmers looking for water. They were then moved to other land since in china no one owns land anyway (another reason for those huge buildings.)

No matter how much we had read or how many pictures we had seen of the warriors, they could not be imagined. The size and the quantity and the detailed work had to be seen. They are called the eighth wonder of the world and we saw why. Like Angkor Wat, a must to see in the east.

A fourth building held two bronze chariots with drivers and horses also found nearby. Again, the detail was all there, even to a folding umbrella over the drivers' heads--still in working order. Several of the warriors had been removed and put in glass cases so they could be seen from all

sides. Each hand was holding a weapon--missing because they had been real and the farmers took them to use, but we could see how it would have been held. For the really interested, we have photos of them; a few years back taking pictures wasn't allowed and probably isn't good for the warriors but forbidding tourists to take pictures probably was something even china couldn't get away with!

It was fantastic. We took the shuttle back to the gate and ran the gauntlet of hawkers--prices were much cheaper but we suspect that some were plastic copies. We stopped to get some persimmons and were cheated but got what we wanted so didn't care. The man held a basket of persimmons--5--ok. Then it was 5 just for the top layer--we didn't fight it because we couldn't eat the basket of 20 anyway. Then he tried to say it was only half the top layer and dad said, no way and we grabbed the top layer in our hands and ran. The guide agreed it should have been the basket but it was obvious that she was used to seeing tourists ripped off. Didn't really care as long as I had some to try. Would have been nicer though if when we put them on the seat to get out a bag for them, one hadn't rolled under HH. Made a bit of a mess on his pants but the driver offered him a filthy rag to wipe them. He did and being understanding as he is, put up with it. They tasted very good--half the size of a Korean persimmon so not much in each one but good to try. Apples proved to be pale in color and very, very tart.

By the time we had finished all of that we were definitely ready to be done, not ready to see something of much lesser importance or quality. We had chosen the right tour. We rested during the hour ride back enough to walk back to the hotel and rest some more!

We had asked the guide about dumplings and she told us there was a dumpling banquet at dumpling restaurants. We had her write in on a card for us and took it to the very large dumpling restaurant we had seen near the hotel. The woman read it and motioned us upstairs. We showed it again and were taken to a table by a window overlooking the bell tower in the center of the city. It was lit with bright lights and very beautiful. A great place to sit and eat.

The waitress was a young girl who had a memorized talk and we had to listen to all of it; HH started to say something in the middle and she said she had to finish. We listened. She said the banquets had the same number of dishes but the more expensive we went the better the quality of the contents of the dumplings. Since we had no idea what high quality meant we opted for the lowest priced banquet, one of our most expensive meals, at 60 (\$7.20) per person. We had 18 different dumplings, two of each kind, and a couple of side dishes. The dumplings included: fried, monkey faced (really looked like monkeys), boat shaped, tomato, celery with shrimp, jelly fish, spicy chicken in the shape of a hen, beef and tomato, cucumber and pork, duck shaped like a duck, free boiled ones--ask for all you want, flour (spicy, pink and round), shrimp, vegetable, walnut (shaped and colored like a walnut--even ridged), pork and hair? vegetable, crystal (triangle shape), and tiny, tiny (less than the tip of my little finger) boiled chicken ones in a soup pot on the table. When the soup was cooked, the waitress served

us and the number indicated your luck for the next year; I got ordinary luck and HH got won't starve for the next year!

Even though we had so many, we were full but not uncomfortable at the end. It was a great eating adventure.

We waddled back to the hotel through the underground which takes one across streets around the middle of the city--8 different exits but all labelled in English too.

HH checked out the internet room one more time--no message. This time he just paid 12 cents and left. I went back to the hotel and organized a bit.

Time to read and relax.

Hope you have a good banquet at your house today.

Nancy


enFrom
To

.net>;

Sent: Tuesday, October 19, 2004 8:50 AM
Subject: Last of China

Hi,

Wednesday, we got up late. Or tried to; the Do Not Disturb light didn't work so we were knocked awake by the maid. After we left the hotel and went just a short ways, we realized we had to go back for more money and were glad we did; it began to rain as we were walking back. We picked up our umbrellas and took off again.

We went looking for a covered market HH had seen described as a path to a historic temple. He found it and we had a great time seeing what Chinese people buy; it was all sorts of household and stationery items in little shops. All the people were very kind and helpful but spoke no english--just show the price on the calculator back and forth til a common price is reached. I bought a pair of soft plastic shoes, not sandals, for when it rains and I want to just run outside for something--bright tanish with blue and red swirls in the plastic; perfect for wet days at the beach too. Just wash and wear. HH got a all in one piece metal cleaver and both of us found other bits we thought we couldn't do without, all for very low prices.

We came out into a square with a temple to the city gods; we had to pay a few pennies to go in for the incense we didn't want and left in the hotel, but it was very interesting. In the center was an old temple with just a human sort of picture in it--no buddha or other godtype being. On both sides were rows of old houses which were shops in the days of our guidebook (later we found them outside lining the walls hovering under bits of plastic). There was another building with a stage and red velvet curtains, not in bad shape, so someone must still use it. All the outside was very weathered but the inside had new cushions and streamers hanging from the ceilings.

We then explored the alley of removed shops and moved out into an area with real stores. Tried to find a restroom--China has them because the ordinary people use them; they apparently don't have facilities in a lot of the houses. But they are too basic--a raised layer of cement with a trough in the middle and everyone just finds a place. They are divided by sex but that still is too basic for me. Thus, we looked for a restaurant that might have one.

Side note: the guide told us they have snow in Xian and it is cold in the winter but most--most!-- of the new apts. are heated. She also commented that when she was a child she wore shoes which were layers of cloth sewn together like those worn by the terra cotta warriors; she has definitely

seen changes even in her young life.

We found a brandnew restaurant--flowers still standing outside and women welcoming guests as they walked in the door. It was big and clean and bright so we knew it would have a restroom. No English menu. I looked at the table next to us and saw an interesting pot hanging over a little bowl of sterno with something boiling in it; HH peeked in and said it was noodles so we pointed to it and mimed for rice and the waitress disappeared. Asked for the restroom--down the street and around the corner (mimed); no way. So we sat and waited for our lunch. We saw lots of other interesting things go by as we waited. When our little pot arrived the noodles turned out to be mushrooms (HH doesn't like them), lots of them of all kinds. He discovered that he did like these and he loved all the mutton at the bottom of the pot. With my weak crown (still waiting for it to be finished) I didn't want much mutton though it was good. I loved the mushrooms. There were also long, half inch wide pieces of what we thought were noodles, chewy but not fishy, in it. Ate them with no questions asked. When we had finished all the stuff in the pot a plate of green leaves arrived and we were shown to put them into the pot to boil and then eat. Not bad but not thrilling. At least we got our veggies for the day.

We then returned to the hotel and the amenities and a rest. By then it was pouring harder and getting colder, so I couldn't resist the baked sweet potatoes in the street. The man picked out the biggest one--and then weighed it--and handed it over. It was hot so I bounced it between hands while holding the umbrella up. It tasted absolutely wonderful in the room. Asia definitely has the best sweet potatoes.

When we went back out, it was rain jackets from England over long sleeves time and time to hug the umbrella but we had more to explore. We went back and finished the streets we had missed; we had seen one but it was flooded so we opted out. It had drained a bit so we checked it out but it was all souvenirs because it was near the big mosque (skipped that since we have seen two). Didn't buy much but looked some.

Then across the square and out another road to see what there was to see. Found another interesting street and got some fun local stuff. Soon it began to rain even harder and we decided we had seen and spent enough and it was time for dinner. Back to the restaurant that didn't have what we wanted the first night. This time we went to the second floor which had tablecloths and sat down and had another interesting meal. I ordered egg flake soup with crab; it came in the two quart bowl again (only \$1 so I thought it would be a small bowl) and it was an omelet floating in broth. Their idea of flake is definitely different from mine! It was good but I didn't finish it; I had learned that lesson if that was the lesson; we will never know. HH had mutton and green onions and I had chicken and cashews--yummy. Too wet to do anything but go directly home though I had wanted to stop by a shop; decided to wait til the next day.

Mistake! It was pouring the next morning--even worse than the day before.

So, the first job was to repack the suitcases so the contents were in plastic bags. I had two big ones with me and we just put all the contents inside--not fun to unpack and repack but better than wet stuff when we got to Seoul. Once done, it was still raining but I wanted this hot pad that could be carried on planes (though not maybe Chinese ones); it was a little bag of jelly with a thing that looked like a coin in the corner inside. If you snapped the coin, it became hot and if you squeezed it, it became soft and hot. Seemed like the perfect thing for my leg when we fly. According to the very strange English directions, if you boil it, it can be re-used. HH has difficulty believing this but he bargained the price down so so we thought it would be fun to try. Will let you know later how it worked.

We then went to the Bell Tower; Xian has two big towers in the center. One for a big bell which was used to tell people it was time to start work and a drum tower which told people when to finish work. We had to walk up partway in the rain but then it was enclosed. A group of musicians was playing traditional music when we went into this small room with museum displays on the sides. HH had asked the night before what time the music was (saw it in the guidebook) but a Chinese man said there was no music and he had been there lots of times. Guess he missed it every time. It was very pretty and very different from Korean. Then we climbed up stairs to the top where we walked around outside looking out over the city. Each side had four wooden doors carved with figures of famous Chinese stories, all in red. Lots of red and gold everywhere in China. Lots. Again there was another museum room inside--we felt like we had enough museum without having to go to the national museum.

By this time, the rain was still going and it was time to go back to the hotel and pack up. We got our things and spent a long time waiting to check out. One woman indicated the other had to do it; the second's first step was to give the first one of our papers and have her do it! We finally got it done and went to the hotel restaurant for lunch. HH had curry noodles and I had yangchow fried rice; I couldn't be in China and not have it. I have it in every Chinese food country. They brought the tomatoes again but we left them this time.

We had a private car (we thought it would be a taxi) to the airport; there was too much rain to pull the suitcases to the other hotel to catch the bus. It was nice to ride in comfort and see our last views of China. When we got to the airport the end of the road was blocked; no one was moving. It was a 6 lane road going our way and 6 going the other. Our driver just made a U turn and went down the innermost of our lanes--in the wrong direction. He did this in front of a police car and no one blinked. We did, more than once.

But we all survived and got dropped off. We went through customs and all with no problem; we had learned to take nothing, absolutely nothing, they could question. But things are different in Xian's airport--no bank. We always change our last money back at the airport; this airport had no bank. A great way to be sure tourists get stuck with Chinese money. We spent the little amounts on two bags of Chinese candy and two tiny travel tins of

Tiger Balm. The couple of bigger bills (\$36) we brought back and HH exchanged them in the Korean airport; we lost a little but we had the freedom of knowing we had enough money every day. We long ago decided that made travel more comfortable.

We checked in and found we were in the upper level of economy so we had more space. But we had reserved aisle and got window. I commented to the flight attendant that we had asked for aisle and been told the seats were aisle but they definitely weren't. She said she would move us if possible and later asked if exit row was ok! OK? It is our favorite place. So we had lots of room and enjoyed our less than 3 hour flight back to seoul.

I left out my panda--HH bought me an 18 inch, very soft one to remember the trip by. I don't collect them but this one is special and he joins a couple of other special ones I have.

It was a good trip despite the various ailments and we have seen the terra cotta warriors. We have seen almost all we had hoped to in Asia and now it is time to see all we can in the US.

Nancy



emc

From:
To:

Sent: Wednesday, October 20, 2004 7:38 PM
Subject: Fantastic Tour, part II

Hi,

Wed.--the long-awaited trip to Uleung-do! HH has always wanted to go and Mrs. Shim (replaced HH)arranged for free tickets on the boat, free hotel room, and some free meals. We parked our car at the ferry terminal: 7000 per day though we noticed later the booklet said free parking; we never found anyone who knew about that. We had to leave a lot in the car so leaving in a somewhat secure lot was important. We packed down into one small suitcase and an over the shoulder bag and camera bag; that is light for us. We expected cold weather since we have always heard about the cold winds on the island and the ferry not returning because of storms, so we took warm clothes.

We ate a cookie and swallowed a seasickness pill.before we got on the catamaran. The seats were assigned; we got two next to the two by the window--bit of disappointment but it turned out we couldn't see anything but water anyway. Then the steward passed out little plastic bags--big hint. The boat went uphill and then suddenly down and women screamed. It was like a ride at the fair, up and down, up and down. Then the people in front moved to the back of the boat; people began turning green and some lay down on the floor at the end of the back corridor. Our stomachs went up and down too and we weren't at all happy. The thought that we had two more hours of this was not a happy one--we thought it was a 2 hour 20 minute ride but it was a 3 hour ride. Too long. The man behind us used his bag very noisily--again and again. Others did too. It was not a fun trip.

We were very glad to reach the island and wondered why it was such a popular tourist spot and why people would ever tell friends to go there. It wasn't worth it to us. We were taken to our resort hotel--those with upper class tickets went to the very isolated hotel; others to local inns. The hotel is just being built; the reception area is in a large white tent with zippered down sides for bad days. We had to pull our suitcase up a big hill to the second level of large housing units. That is not a plus for a hotel with us. We were on the second floor--no elevator but it was a beautiful building: all wood, grey weathered outside, inside floors wonderful to walk on. The room was still new; it sort of opened in May. It had white walls, dark furniture with a balcony with chairs and a table--overlooking the East Sea. Beautiful. The three little hand towels indicated a lack of "resort" but HH figured that out. Both people use the same one to dry first and then a second to dry to really get dry; it worked. The third was for hands. It did have a bottom sheet with a sheet wrapped blanket; it was so hot we pulled the blanket out and just used the sheet. So much for the cold weather.

10/20/2004

We were taken back down to the town--not walkable--for lunch; it was a bit light but ok since we were the only ones in our group of eight that enjoyed the meal of rice and 6 side dishes. The afternoon had a walk up the hill behind the town to see two little but well-done museums, one on Tok-do (an island Korea is fighting with Japan over for ownership; it is important as the farthest point for each) and the other local history. We took the cable car to the top of the highest peak (not for David); it went swishing up over the gorge and through the trees. From the top we could look toward the island 92 k. away but it wasn't clear enough to see it; we didn't think it usually was. We returned by cable car and looked around the little port town.

It had a wide open area where the boats came in at the bottom and people sat on benches at the top. Inbetween were rows and rows and rows of drying squid. HH counted 20 squid to a row and there were 40 rows in one section and at least 10 sections. One man or woman seemed to be in charge of each section, hand pulling the squid into the desired shape and straightening out each one's tentacles. What a job! But they seemed to be quite content tugging and adjusting each one in turn; they sold for about 1000 won dried.

Time for dinner; we wanted medicinal beef; cows on the island eat lots of green medicinal herbs and such so their meat is supposed to be very healthy. Ours may have eaten healthily but he also walked a lot--he was tough. But he tasted good. The guide had told us about the restaurant but when we got there they said no private customers. HH argued a bit and eventually the boss came along and told them to feed us. There were empty tables and the group hadn't come and didn't come until we had finished.

We took a taxi back to the hotel, the disadvantage of having the high priced tickets. 4000 won.

Thurs. we slept late, skipping the boat ride around the island; we had had enough boat rides and were still very leery of the water around the island. We had seen most of the island as we came in as the boat went around 2/3 of the island to get to the port. The little light outside the door didn't work so the maid started to walk in--HH spoke and she left fast. We reported it but nothing got done til the day we left; we had great difficulty getting through to them what was broken.

We had "breakfast"--granola bar and HH's coffee. He has a little coffee maker in three pieces that he makes his own coffee with. We enjoyed our balcony til it was time to take the shuttle into town.

Going out in both directions from the port was a manmade path of concrete and stone. We went one way and were amazed by the water. It was clear! In the harbor! Unheard of in any port we had seen. We could see the bottom. Bits of a few squid were floating on top; obviously not all make it to shore intact. Lunch was provided so we went back to the same rather lowclass restaurant and this time they added a bowl of soup to the rice and side dishes--not much of a meal, but enough. Not much for an advertised

free meal though.

After lunch, we started to walk the other way but it was really hot and this path had ramps and stairs and we had a bus tour to take so we didn't finish it. It was fun and good exercise and the views were spectacular.

The van (14 people) tour was not for the faint of heart; it went around the island, going over roads that spanned two edges of the mountain--we were flying through the air. There are no flat roads on the island; cars don't last as long as on the mainland because even in the port everything is on a hill--every house and every shop. And they get two feet of snow in the winter! We went as far as we could go in one direction; part of the mountain had collapsed last month, from the very top to the bottom, and piles of rocks were spilling down the side. How they are going to get all of them up and not have still more come down was beyond us. It was a tremendous pile of rocks. A very impressive end to the road. Going the other way we came to a deadend; that was as far as the road went. One cannot drive around the island; with the road blocked, the north is cut off from the south. People have to go by boat. Fortunately, there is an elementary school at both ends. Only one high school though so students must have to board. The driver stopped for a box of pumpkin bread--little round "breads" filled with pumpkin. Very tasty but a box of 20 was beyond our capacity; he stopped on the way back for people to buy some, of course.

The view around each bend were very impressive. We saw a rock shaped like a half eaten apple but turned out to be a lion on the other side, a candlestick rock, a face rock, a turtle climbing up a rock and others. It is a volcanic island so lots of strange rock formations. We stopped for ten minutes in a little fishing village, so people could have raw squid if they wanted. One couple did: the woman selling it grabbed the body, sliced once and pulled off the body covering and threw the feet connected to the inner part aside where it continued to move around and try to run away. She chopped up the outer layer and then chopped up the wiggling legs. The people grabbed chopsticks and dipped the wiggling bits in hot sauce and ate. The driver joined in and we were invited but declined politely. Others on the van got impatient and honked the horn so they picked up their squid and hot sauce and had it wrapped for later.

The one thing the island needs for tourism is an airport but it is only 5 miles wide and has no flat space so there is no place to put one. Someone tried a helicopter but it crashed. We heard a helicopter that morning and the guide said it had come to take a person injured in a car accident to the mainland.

Dinner was at the hotel any time we chose. The "dining room" was a big tent with a stove and fridge and sink in the back. We sat down and they brought the food--same thing we had had for the two lunches with a bowl of very good beef soup. Every meal had water to drink.

In our packing light we had included our munchies so with a can of drink from the vending machine by each housing unit, we filled in with no problem.

HH went into the reception area to try to explain the red light so we wouldn't be awakened in the morning but they didn't get it. On the way out a man jumped up from a couch and asked if we were the Underwoods. Yes. He was the man who had given us the trip, so we went back in and had a chat. He said he would have his subordinates prepare some local foods to take back with us. Just what we wanted on a boat trip--more hand carry.

Fri. The night before a busload of ajumonies came in and they took over the building like it was home, shouting and calling to each other from floor to floor. It was like a dorm party. It went on til 2 and then began again at 6:30 when they got up. Absolutely no thought that anyone else might be there. Another sign it was not a resort. But we survived after HH had coffee and we split a bar.

When we went to get the shuttle into the port, we met the man again and he asked what we were doing. It was obvious he was prepared to take us around and feed us lunch but we wanted to explore and have a vacation so we said we were going to walk on the rocks. He is the man in charge of the project and his big boss, owner of it and the tour company, was there and we think he wanted to escape. Not with us. However, he did offer to bring our two bags to the boat for us which was very convenient since we knew they would be safe with him. It wasn't as hot so we enjoyed walking around the little streets. Stephen called us and we sat at the head of the port talking to the US and sniffing an abundance of dried squid. The world has changed.

Lunch was our own so we headed for a mandu shop HH had seen and had a big bowl each. We had been told the day before the boat would be delayed two hours but it would be a bigger boat. We still dreaded the trip and kept watching the weather for a possible storm. We found an internet room and checked email and work from Yonsei. Cost us less than a dollar for an hour.

We finished the afternoon with another walk on the rock paths. One man was catching 9" fish, very skinny ones, with bits of shrimp. Didn't look worth eating to us, but he was catching them as fast as he could bait his hook. He threw food in the water first and schools and schools of them came in to feed. A great haul but skimpy eating. Another man on the other side had caught small but fat fish that looked meatier to us.

At 4:30 we went to the boat area to wait for the man but never saw him. Our guide came over and as we were asking for our tickets, the man came over with our bags and told the guide we were going with him. First, we went to the port commander's office and had green tea, not what I wanted before the ride but what could we do. Then we found out he had upgraded us to the business class of the boat--second level, back of the boat where it is more stable. They helped us get our stuff on the boat. Big comfortable seat and no movement. We had taken our pills but we probably didn't need to on that boat. What a difference. Now we could understand why people would make the trip; it could be pleasant. Afler we were at sea for a bit, the steward came over and took us up to the captain's area and we saw how he controlled the boat--no wheel, just a joystick like thing. Lots of computers and

lights and screens and even one computer showing a soccer game which the lower class officer switched off when we came in. HH got to sit in the second in command's chair and talk with the men. Quite a different experience.

We were invited back to the private room but HH said they were all smoking and we enjoy being just the two of us so we didn't go. It was a good ride back.

We got in late so we were glad we had called ahead and reserved a room in the same place over the water. The crashing water was even rougher and noisier--I loved it.

Another adventure in living in Korea; there are so many to be had if only there were more time

Nancy


err

Fr:

To:

n Moffett"

Sent: Wednesday, October 20, 2004 1:07 AM

Subject: Fantastic tour, Part I

Hi,

A note before the description: HH received a lot of Chusok gifts, some usable, some not, but the big box of ginseng was a definite not-needed item. We decided to take it to saruga market and see if we could get anything for it. HH said, even 5000 won would be more useful than this. He offered to a woman who sold the stuff and she asked if he would be willing to take 200,000 won. He did his best to indicate indecision but finally said yes, and danced back to the car! We will enjoy that ginseng.

A 195⁰⁰

We have just returned, a day early, from a wonderful trip around some Korean festivals.

Mon. We left at 10; HH had some last minute Yonsei jobs to do but the traffic was good. We couldn't find a bakery for a long time; guess Koreans north of here don't eat much bread. We ended up with a loaf of stale bread the man said was that day's--no way. We looked for a spot to eat and finally ended up in a cemetery where we sat along the edge under some trees, not in the graveyard part itself. It even had a restroom.

We went past beautiful Soyang Lake and then into the Sorak Mts. They were still green with just tinges of red but so high and so beautiful. We climbed out on some rocks, along a rock path, over narrow bridges made of pieces of holey metal and saw a waterfall. The sounds were great but we had to watch our feet constantly; it was very, very slippery. One couple was carrying their little dog; wondered if he really enjoyed it.

Our goal was the Yangyang Mushroom Festival. We went to the tourist bureau to ask for help--mistake we didn't learn the first time. The woman told us where it was and showed us on a map; what she didn't know was it wasn't on that road because the road had been replaced. This was within 10 miles of where she was! HH did find it because he can find anything. We also asked to use their free computers for tourists but the first wouldn't work and neither would the second and she was not about to come and help us figure it out. She was having too much fun on her computer. Her most brilliant question as she was talking to HH face to face was, "Are you a foreigner?" Should have been a clue there.

We arrived just at dusk at a large dirt area with parking where you found it. It was getting cold, but we looked at a couple of exhibits in tents and lots of empty tents as it was the last night. We saw a funny talent show in which the people mostly lacked talent but it was fun. Not much going on but they did still have the usual food tents so we sat down for some mushroom

pajeon (I ate all the mushrooms) and and came back later for noodle soup; Koreans share food a lot so it is great that we can order one dish in such places. It usually feeds both of us because it is so big. Decided it was too cold and not much to do so we left for our hotel. Our first night out: 5 star hotel; unfortunately, it was all downhill from there, but it was a great start. HH chose it because it was on water and he knows I love being on water. We had an ocean view (they upgraded us from forest view--seaview was twice the price!).

All day as we were driving along, dad was getting phone calls--for interviews and for work for yonsei. Since Yonsei is doing a lot for us now so we don't mind those so much. HH is refusing interviews now as he feels he has said everything he could say and to as many people as he wanted to say it. We did do a Time interview the day before we left because it was on missionaries. Yonsei needed instant revision on a speech for the president so HH told her to email it to us, but he got cut off so she didn't hear the "don't attach it" part. We found the pc room and checked but couldn't read it.

Tues. HH called the president's secretary and had her fax it to the hotel; we read it and fixed it and called her back to read her the corrections. There were no earth-shattering mistakes but he felt better knowing it had been done.

We walked from our hotel, with beach view, down to the beach and filled our shoes with sand. Not intentionally but that was the result. We sat and watched the waves awhile and HH walked off to take a picture. On his little walk, he bent over and found a little green glass ball! We haven't found a little one in years and he just walked over to it. We packed it very carefully for the rest of the trip. Time to travel again.

Along the road were nets laid out to dry and men working to fix holes in them. We had our lunch on the edge of a little road, just beyond the fishnets, looking over the water. So peaceful.

We were just wandering along when I saw a sign in Whajin-po for Lee Ku Bong's (Korea's first vp) summerhouse (we learned little brown signs can be very interesting) and suggested we go look. At first, dad turned in and then decided not to go in, but later we returned to go in. It turned out to be the place where HH's mother used to spend her summers! HH had been looking at beaches and wondering if this was the one or if that was the one, and we drove right up to it! The house had been used by the man's wife and had been surrounded by missionary houses according to the sign there. We could see from that house what other houses might have been like and where they were located. We were able to walk through the house and it even felt a bit like a Taechon house, small with three rooms and little outside kitchen for the maid. It was quite an experience. Of further interest was a huge castlelike house on a hill overlooking the same beach; it had been the summer home of Kim Il Sung! It was being worked on but even so, we could see it was a huge stone castle with turrets; there was a picture of Kim Jung Il as a child sitting on the steps in a display below it.

I wanted something to remember it by so we checked out the tourist information center; it had a beautiful big but expensive jade platter. The woman (sound familiar) wasn't sure of the price but said a bigger store in town would have more variety. We got the directions to the store, but wanted to do more exploring first. We followed another brown sign to Sygman Rhee's (Korea's first president) summer house. We walked through this house too--small but bits of his life were on display.

From there the brown signs led us to an observation place looking into North Korea. We could see NK--mountains and trees but no people. The whole coastline is unbelievably beautiful--green pines lining a very bright blue sea. Picture any postcard from Hawaii or Phuket and it is Korea. The east coast was picture postcard wonderful the whole trip.

Time to head back if we were to get to the next place that day; no time to return to the mushroom festival but no regrets; it wasn't much but a place to sell mushrooms (cheapest box: 100,000 won). We decided to find the shop and get a jade platter. We followed the directions: nothing. HH called the phone number: wrong number. Found another number on the brochure: man gave us directions. Followed those and called and got a woman who said she was there but didn't know how to get there! Gave up. Our phone rang; the man wanted to come and take us there. We knew that meant we would have to spend big. No thank you. We returned to the tourist place, frustrated but wanting something so decided to get a small plate. Didn't feel like giving them lots of our money after all the hassle. The woman debated selling it and then debated finding something to put it in until I was ready to just take it as is. She fussed so long the man showed up and talked to her; she had told us how to get to a restaurant! We had had enough so got a bag for our pretty little green jade plate and left. No more tourist information stops.

The road was really bad--and they charged us for driving on it. Only 500 won but even that was too much for that road. It took us two hours to get to our "hotel." That was their vocabulary. The lights were dimmed, the ceiling blue, and we were sure the videos by each elevator door were blue too. The bed was round, one sheet and two thin little hand towels. Seemed like old Korea to us. We had our sheets in the car so we had no real problem. We have discovered that queen-sized sheets fit round beds just fine. Despite the lack of "hotelness" it was an outstanding place: it was over the ocean! Looking out our little balcony, we were over the water. The waves crashed all night, really crashed. I loved it. There was no beach; it was all huge rocks with water rushing in and out. We went looking for a restaurant but along the water everything is raw fish so we had to go into a little town and down a side street. Thought we knew what we ordered but we sure got something different--very hot, red beef on rice. Tasty but needed a lot of water with it. Korean fast food.

Next: Uleung-do, the mysterious island.

Nancy



emoffe

From:

To:

Sent: Thursday, October 21, 2004 3:04 AM

Subject: Last of fantastic tour

Hi,

At this point you are all very glad we cancelled our trip to Taechon this weekend to do the Moses Walk there. We just don't have the time. Peter and Diana are going because they thought we were going; I think they will find it is a lot of fun. Walking between the mainland and an island is a strange feeling.

Back to the festivals.

Sat. we drove to Andong; it was only three hours away and we thought we would spend the afternoon at the Andong Maskdance Festival. But then one of those brown signs popped up as we were driving along. It said Cave. We asked at a gas station and the man said it was about 30 minutes from there; that's fine, we thought. Let's go. 45 minutes later after miles of mountain roads, we arrived and paid our money to enter the park; there was a clue there but we missed it. Once inside, the sign said 1 mile to the cave. Too late; we paid so we might as well go.

It was all uphill into the mountains; stairs and stairs and stairs--stone and then metal. People puffing everywhere, but all working to get to the top. Can't tell you what a relief it was to finally see the last set of stairs. Relief was short-lived. The sign just inside the cave read "1 mile walking tour--takes about 1 hour." Got that far; had to go for it.

It wasn't beautiful inside but it was huge. We have seen the big caves in the US and this was far larger but not as pretty. Most of the colors were brown or brown and white so they were a bit dull, but in places they were very shiny and smooth and then very pretty. But the size was overwhelming; it was hard to see the roof because it was so far away and it had rooms and rooms. There was a marked path, signs and those rows of lights used for construction so you could walk at your own pace. There were people there but not so many that we had to wait for others most of the time. From any of the high points --more stairs!--the rows of lights in green, yellow and red were very festive. Lines and lines of snaking color in small, non-intrusive lights. Really very pretty. The bad part, from my point of view, were the two swinging bridges. They weren't too high up but they did move and I like my bridges stable.

There were lots of marked spots with very good signs in English; they must have been made by a geologist because they were very technical and very good. I can imagine foreign geologists being very impressed. One spot was marked "possibly the only one in the world"-- a water dripping in a huge

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circle on the floor of the cave. There was a very real looking statue of the virgin Mary back in a corner and then two corners later one of Buddha. Of course. Little pools held salamanders and there were bats in one area but, fortunately, we didn't see them. It was a very well designed layout to get people around a huge cave, seeing all kinds of mites and tites and pools and over ledges and under rocks--watch your head here!

By the time we got out it was time for lunch and the outside restaurants were calling us. The local housing style used bark for roofs; they stripped it off before or after the summer. We sat outside by a little stream and drank the water directly from the stream! The house was 250 years old and fascinating to see. And a new world in Korea, a modern restroom. They even had little restrooms going up the mountain and a sign on the last one that it was the last one. Korea is changing.

By then it was really time to go to Andong since we had come to see the festival that night. Another 3 hours of mountain driving--beautiful green pines everywhere with bits of gold and red here and there. Slow going around all the turns but the views were spectacular.

Tonight was a tourist hotel night and the hotel lived up to the tourist hotel name. The sheets were holey but as HH said we could tell they had changed them since the size and pattern changed. The curtains looked like they had been used for sheets and had holes and the carpet was far from clean. Whoever declares them tourist hotels must have an interesting criteria. But it was close to the festival.

It was getting dark after we left our stuff at the hotel so we went directly to Haehoe Maul, the traditional Korean village where people still live in thatched houses and do things the old-fashioned way. We had seen it before but this was the sight of the evening program. We waited in a long line to get into it and as we were driving by a parking area noticed it had some empty spots; when we got to the entrance cars were being directed to another lot, but HH just peeled off to the right and into the lot we had passed. He found a spot and we grabbed our water and jackets and my little bag which always has a granola bar (Dot and Marge) and chewy fruit sticks (provided by Tanya and David). Good thing we had the big lunch and the bar and sticks; the restaurant was packed; no way to eat before the program.

It was dark as we walked in--very dark; this was a traditional village. No lights. We followed the people in front of us and kept walking. When we realized we would not get dinner, we tried to figure out where to go for the program. There was a concert going on and people agreed it would start when that ended--but where? Finally, a woman told us to follow her--down a slope onto the edge of the river--in the dark! We could hear her but not see her. We went on faith, filling our shoes with sand--again. Once at the bottom we could see the outline of the side of the bank and dug ourselves a niche and plopped into it. Not exactly comfortable, but at least we were sitting down. There were hundreds of people all along the bank, on the sand, and up on top of the bank.

It was supposed to have 3 kinds of fire and it did. First, there were strings going from the forest behind us to the mountain across the river; they were high up over the area. Bamboo tubes of pine resin were tied on them--four strings--and then lit. The fire moved from our side slowly across the river and it was pulled, sort of clothes line style. HH said they must have cleared the area under them, but later we found that they had not. People just walked under the fire lines! We did too so HH could get a picture and he got ash all over his coat and I got some live sparks on my jacket that he brushed off. Knew what David would say if he had been there! But it was really pretty to see the bright fire sparks dripping down from the lines against the dark sky.

The second kind of fire was lots, and I mean lots as in hundreds, of lanterns were set into the water at the far left side and then they floated downstream in front of us. There was a long line that looked like it was tied together in the beginning but eventually we saw one pass another and realized they must have a skill in releasing them to keep them so lined up. They were all separately making their way down the river in front of the mountain across the river from us.

The third kind of fire was piles of burning bush thrown from the top of the cliff across from us. The announcer would get the crowd to yell "fire falling" in Korean and then the man at the top would throw a bundle over. It would bounce its way down the cliff to the bottom or sometimes stop halfway down and burn. Beautiful bright balls of fire.

By the time it finished we were very cold and very hungry. We had seen another restaurant further in so we walked to it and had the best pajeon ever. It was full of green onions and just made and filled us right up. That gave the crowd time to clear out a bit too. Our parking lot was mostly empty and right at the exit so HH just wheeled right out and we were on our way back to the hotel.

Rock hard bed but that seemed to be the case in all of them and we were always so tired we had no trouble sleeping. Pulled the blanket out of the sheet again--outside was cold but inside was hot.

Sun. was masked dance festival day; we went at 10 and stayed til 7:30. It is a big festival with a schedule in English; they just don't follow it but they did give it to us. We walked to it from the hotel--no parking problems that day. It was like a state fair in size and atmosphere but very different in activities. There were lots and lots of things for kids to do--a small fee for each; no fee for the festival itself. The kids could have their faces painted or they could make a mask, throw a piece of pottery, make a lantern or a Korean paper box, do a science experiment, etc. It was fun to see them all doing all these different creative things, lots of times with a parent working with them. None had long lines even though the festival was crowded with people; there were just too many things to do.

There were lots and lots of the white tents with the fronts open--some for food, some for exhibits--a great rock exhibit of stones on fancy wooden

stands (some rocks in animal shapes; some just pretty in themselves; some kept wet to bring out designs), lots for selling stuff. You could buy anything from a kite to a piece of furniture. At one end was a stadium for shows--small charge to enter but you could sit forever once inside and at the other a building of science exhibits (skipped that). We walked all day and saw a lot but probably missed a tent or two.

Speaking of kites--they sent up a string of the usual size Korean kites--150 in all in one long string. It disappeared up into the sky in a beautiful curve. We tried to take a picture but I think it can only be seen in reality. We watched the man putting them up and he made it seem like he was just holding a string, no effort expended at all. And we have trouble with one kite! There were also the usual large balloons holding different signs welcoming people to the festival.

We went to the mask dance first and then sat through Latvia and into another before we decided we had seen western dances before. They bring in groups from different countries. Taiwan was up next and we had seen that too. The people next to us bought a bag of those rice cookies and handed us one so we had breakfast as we watched. The mask dance was one of the ten finalists so it was very well done. At one point the innocent young woman who has been seduced falls to the ground and the seducer pulls a doll from under her skirts; the doll is dressed just like he is and he sits it down and talks to it and then dances with it. You could follow the story even if you couldn't understand the words. The old people in the crowd obviously knew it all but the young people were watching with the same curiosity we had.

The sounds of the farmers' dance were drowning out everything so we had to see what they were doing. It was the finals and all day different groups performed different dances. It wasn't like the folk village or the usual going in circles, it had a lot more movement to it. They also had a lot more people, like a whole village. Each group had different members of the village in it; some included children, too. Many had a soldier in uniform; in one he carried a gun with fireworks he shot off every now and then. In another dance, a woman came in carrying a big tub of Korean liquor on her head and another next to her had bottles of the same in a paint bucket. The drink was scooped out with a gourd and given to the performers and then to the front row of the crowd--all old people sitting in chairs (four rows of chairs and then rows of standing people). The old people loved that scoop! When the tub was empty, the bottles were dumped in and more distributed. The women wore white with various colored patches and had painted black bits here and there on their faces--sort of clownlike. They were very jovial and gave a fun atmosphere around the edges while the serious dancing went on in the center. In another dance, the yut (Korean candy) seller passed out samples as he clanked his scissors. The groups had 30-50 people in them and carried huge banners which were held up and waved throughout the whole performance. We didn't envy the men holding them. We had all the farmers' dance we ever wanted in one day.

Lunch time--lots of choices so we picked something new. Had no idea exactly what we would get but it sounded interesting. The woman grabbed a chunk of

beef, enough for two small steaks, and cut it up and threw it into a large pot on one of her two burners. She stirred it and added onions and some other veggies and then lots and lots of garlic and some spices. Stirred some more and then tasted it and put the spoon back in to stir some more. Knew we had lived here long enough; just nodded, of course that's how it's done.

The contents were put over rice and one dish fed the two of us to bursting. HH had tongtongju, a kind of wine which he likes. I stuck to water.

More wandering and looking and a bit of resting. A mime did a great job in the hot sun--no cover; he was dripping by the end of his performance but we had "seen" him lock himself out of his car, run to the office, and do all kinds of other things. We sat on the cement on a piece of paper.

Fortunately, the man HH asked where they were giving out free paper hats gave me his so I could keep the sun off. I hate hats so didn't bring one but it was a hat day. Very hot and very festival-ish. At the end he announced another show at 5, as on the schedule. But when we talked to him he told us in English the show was at 4. Hmmm. Did he make an English slip?

More exploring and watching. We went back to see the mime at 4:45 and he was finished up. Apparently his English timing was good but his Korean wasn't. We saw the last bit but it was not really mime; he and two others were built into a curtain and performed with hands and huge masks. We like seeing the person perform, but it was interesting to see. He then did an encore pretending he was being squeezed in by walls; that was outstanding. Seeing the big Korean lion from the lion dance walk by we followed to see what he would do; he went to the stadium. So we went back by the stadium and now it was free to go in so we went back in and saw another mask dance--some parts similar to the first and others very different. I really like the lion dance and since he was dancing outside so I had to go in to see if he would do more. He didn't but the group was good and it was interesting to see a different dance.

Then it was time for the big event of the day. We had watched them all day building a huge pile to burn after dark. they began with a frame of four long sticks that we decided must have been soaked in something since they never burned and then filled it in with fresh pine branches. Over the outside were laid lots and lots of tall, 15' says dad, bamboo poles. It was like a huge teepee. Ordinary people carrying bamboo poles with red or blue banners had a "fight" by it just as it was getting dark. Back and forth they went at each other. Then they laid their poles on top of the teepee, too. After a series of very boring speeches--the mayor and all his buddies, which we could see on a huge tv screen since we were in about the 6th row of people standing around, the fire was lit with big torches. When it caught, it was a huge fire with lots and lots of smoke. They made the people walk back 10 steps but they went about 5 and stopped. The smoke had bits of spark so we kept moving to avoid it--HH again brushed some live ones off both of us. They did have a fire truck off to one side but it was not a water tanker, just a hook and ladder! We assumed it had a water supply nearby--assumed. Thought of David and all his work safety rules and

knew this wouldn't pass either. The fresh wood kept exploding with loud pops and the fire burned and burned. We had to move back from the heat of it. It never did fall in--we watched til it was mostly burned to see what would happen. Sometimes a bit would fall from the top, but it never collapsed. It just burned inside the four poles. It was tremendously impressive against the dark sky.

It was warm by the fire but cold away from it so it was time for dinner. We chased a wild goose or two--asking people where there was a Chinese restaurant and following the directions only to find nothing or one closed. Finally, we returned to the area by the hotel and a little restaurant there. More meat on rice--good but a bit boring. But we still had nibbles in the room so no starvation for us.

We decided that we had too much work at home and we had better head home Tuesday instead of Wednesday. HH thought it would be about 6 hours but as we started, he realized the expressway completed and very good and it was only 5. But we had one more festival first--the lantern festival in Jinju.

We arrived in late afternoon a bit worried we might have missed something only to be discouraged that nothing was going on. The ticket seller said all the events were over except for the lighting of the lanterns at night. We were there so we might as well explore. It was fascinating. Local kids had made all kinds of lanterns and they were hanging in long, covered, arched areas--like the greenhouses with the sides removed. We saw a panda, a mickey mouse, fish, boats, ordinary shaped ones, people shaped ones, airplanes, and some made of chopsticklike pieces of wood. One was an entire Korean house made out of wood pieces with little paper covered windows. It was unbelievably intricate. There were four long rows of these lanterns.

A building, small fee of 2000 won, held a special exhibit with large lanterns. A group of children sitting playing yute, a bell, two dragons facing each other. In the relative darkness of the building they were very bright with their lights inside. Two, a man and a woman, bowed to us as we entered and left.

All along the way were other lanterns, a huge purple dragon, trashcans in animal shapes but lanterns too, the zodiac animals in a row, and others. Out on the river were more lanterns: a woman rising out of the mountain and blowing smoke as she did (she was a kisaeng who grabbed a Japanese general and jumped off the cliff, killing both of them in one of the invasions), a bull fight with life-sized bulls, Buddhist temple guards, and an area of international symbols like the Singaporean Merlion and an India-n god.

At the other end of the area were shops in the white tents again. HH found a jacket he really liked, and wore that night, for 5000 won. I would have gotten one too but they didn't have my size. Our jackets no longer "match." Since his was really dying, it was great to find a replacement he liked.

Time to eat: more tents. We wanted a fresh pajeon and finally found a place where they were making them, not pulling them off a pile. Yuk. The

woman warned us it was pepper/puchu and so hot. No problem. And it wasn't; we skipped the three really red bits and the rest was delicious. With bibimpap it was a full meal.

Dark set as we were eating and it was like a fairyland when we walked out of the tent. Everywhere there were lanterns. In addition to the fancy big ones, there rows and rows of red and blue Buddhist ones that people had bought and put messages on lining the bath--all lit. People were making little lanterns to set on the river, putting a wish inside first. We asked if we could get just the unmade piece of paper and the man gave it to us for free. I wanted it for the pattern of how to make one. With a candle inside floating on the river, they were very pretty.

We wished David could have seen the purple dragon now. He was moving up and down and his claws moved this way and that and then he grumbled loudly and breathed out smoke; just when we thought he was done, out came fire and scared all the little kids standing close by! Very dramatic.

The schedule had a concert starting at 7:30 with a group from Peru. HH had checked with a man who looked like he was from there and selling cd's and he said they were on at 8. By the time we got there the chairs were filling up but we got two off to the side--opps, in front of the speaker! We had to leave; it was too loud. The first group was an army band. We moved to the curb at the end of the aisle between the two areas of chairs. We sat down while the rest stood around us. After awhile two seats opened up and we sat down in the back. The band was very good and it was fun to be at a concert outside under the stars and looking at lots of brightly lit lanterns. After that was a group of three young Russian women; one played a cut away violin and the other a cut away cello; the last a keyboard. They were full of life and fun and though the music was classical the action was crowd pleasing. They brought kids up and gave them a gift for performing but then they couldn't get them off the stage. One little boy kept going back for most of the rest of the night; his grandfather would remove him and back he would go.

Time for Africa--three women and three men. One woman sang and the other two danced so vigorously you could barely see them when they were spinning and running. The instruments were a huge guord with strings and two different kinds of drums. Lots of action. One woman was young and beautiful and so enthusiastic she made it fun to be part of the audience.

Then an Indian group came on--American but which America wasn't clear. The music was all pipes and south american but the headresses and buckskin looked north american and so did the warhoop at one point. They were impressive and the music was beautiful; dad likes the pipe music. But it was getting chilly and even zipped coats weren't quite enough, but the show was too good to leave.

Latin dancing was next and it was x-rated though the audience was full of little kids to the end at 11 pm. The women were wearing g-strings with a bit of fringe and tiny tops. The men had only tight pants. The dancing was

more than suggestive (no, I am not being motherly conservative--this was definitely strip show dancing).

The costumes changed with different dances and they became more covered as they went on, interesting approach since I would have expected the more explicit at the end rather than the beginning. It was very well done and no one seemed shocked; as HH said, as long as it was foreigners, it was ok.

No Peru yet. Between the groups an announcer would announce how long it would be before the next one and the time got less and less as they went on and realized it was getting late. By the time he got to here, he said next and was told next was gone. There was a lot of running and talking and finally the poor Indians came back in jeans with their buckskin jackets on and played the whole act over again. We guessed they had no choice and the announcer felt he had to have one more performance. Since they were good the first time, they were good the second. All had long hair, one with a braid below his waist. They didn't speak Korean or English so had some trouble communicating when they wanted the mikes adjusted. These groups are brought in for "internationalization" but we wonder how well they are treated. They are always selling stuff from their countries as well as performing.

When we left at 11, we were very happy people; it had been a great evening.

In the morning, we took time to go to see the local castle, really a fort. Much of it had been restored--lots of walls and a few gunlike pieces of equipment. The place was very large and very full of kids of all ages in all kinds of school uniforms--green, yellow, blue. Little lines snaking everywhere behind a teacher. We have more videos of the kids than the fort!

A loaf of fresh bread from the bakery and we are off; we bought some plastic cheese but hoped to find butter. Neither of the two shops nearby had any; maybe they don't eat it in the country? Driving out of the city I saw an E-mart so dad found a parking spot and I ran in. Of course, the supermarket part was in the basement but I found it. Had to search to find the butter area and found butter in individual packs in a big box --9000 won; that's a lot for one lunch and I had lots in Seoul. Garlic butter--for lunch? No. Cheese--imported for 12,000 won. No. A little tub of something labelled in German with a picture of a wooden bucket with something yellow in it. Not a word on it in English or Korean that said what it was; the little price sign under it had no explanation either. 3,700 won--why not? Got it and ran back to the car.

We were on our way to Seoul--lunch with us; we had pears we had brought from Seoul and our bottles of water. We were all set.

The whole way was expressway but the first one we hadn't been on before and it went by Jirisan so it was interesting. Lots of little villages and people working in fields; we saw lots of small farms and only old people working. Lots of old women sitting on the ground and old men digging and cutting. Much of Korea's farming is definitely still hand done.

We stopped at a rest area and had our lunch on a bench (the two picnic tables were full). The little tub contained a cheese spread that was delicious and the bread was exquisite. It was a repast for a king--and queen. We were very content.

Two hours later we stopped again and got sweet potato sticks; lots of pieces to help us stay alert. HH also got coffee. Two hours later we were entering the city so no time to be tired then. There were a few slowdowns for construction but no sitting still so it wasn't a bad ride back.

We had to go by the base so we stopped to get the mail; we hate to let it pile up. The post office was closed for two days and again on Fri. so it will continue to pile up. Got gas (much cheaper but no little package of free tissues) and a loaf of bread and decided to run Itaewon errands while we were there so got those done.

Arrived home at 5--tired but feeling very good about our trip. We saw three festivals--the mushroom wasn't great but it led us to see where HH's mother had spent her summer and the mask dance and lantern which were both outstanding. It was another great trip. We just wish we had more time to follow some more of those little brown signs.

Nancy